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This valuable and learned work closes with a very able summary, or general view, of the condition of the Greeks at the extinction of the Roman power in the East. We would gladly lay a portion of this able sketch before our readers ; but having already quoted largely from the volume, we can only commend it, together with the remainder of Mr. Finlay's labors, to the attention of scholars.

ART. II. — 1. *Sancti Patris nostri Joannis Chrysostomi Opera Omnia.* Operâ et Studio D. BERNARDI DE MONTFAUCON. Editio altera, emendata et aucta. Parisiis. 1839.

2. *Homilies of St. Chrysostom.* Translated by Members of the English Church. Oxford. 1839 – 44. 9 vols. 8vo.

It is obvious that within the last fifteen or twenty years there has been a remarkable revival of a taste for the study of the Christian Fathers. The conspicuous places and high prices assigned to copies of their works in catalogues of old books, and the many reprints of them in various forms, from the complete editions issued at Paris and Leipsic down to the popular selections made at Oxford and even at New York, must convince every one that the saints of old are by no means forgotten in our bustling nineteenth century. In some quarters, indeed, the passion for Patristic lore may be carried so far as to become an infirmity, and more than once of late, Milton's strong rebuke has been quoted by the zealous antagonists of tradition : " Whatever time or the heedless hand of blind chance hath drawn from old to this present, in her huge drag-net, whether fish or sea-weed, shell or shrubs, unpicked, unchosen, these are the Fathers." Allow that the drag-net has brought up much worthless trash, we will not complain so long as it " hath drawn from old to this present " one prize laden with such precious matter as the works of the golden-mouthed John of Antioch and Constantinople. He was the most brilliant preacher of the ancient church in its palmy days, a man whose life will al-

ways have the interest of a romance, and whose eloquence, at once so characteristic in its tone and so universal in its spirit, must have a charm and power for every age.

In looking over the many books that have been written upon Chrysostom, the reader is struck with the almost constant strain of eulogium, and is fearful that the just limits of history have been overstepped, and that the brilliant aureole of the saint has blinded the eye to the features of the man. By popes and saints he has been called "Interpreter of the secrets of God," — "The sun of the whole universe," — "The lamp of virtue," — "Brightest star of the earth." The polished and learned Erasmus, too judicious to use such fulsome phrases, gives Chrysostom far more honorable praise; after lauding his boldness, charity, and wisdom, he speaks of the eloquence that could impart "sweetness to things naturally bitter, and make one love even his rebukes, whilst the flatteries of other men are intolerable." Since the Protestant Reformation, Papists and Reformers have vied with each other in doing honor to this saint. In the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sir Henry Savile devoted a princely fortune to a splendid edition of the original Greek from the press of Eton, and the Jesuit Fronte Ducaeus, at Paris, followed with an edition accompanied by a Latin version. In the early part of the last century, the Benedictine Montfaucon put forth the edition which has ever since been recognized by scholars as a classic, and which has recently been reprinted at Paris in a more convenient form, and with many valuable corrections. Availing ourselves of this reprint, with its rich notes and illustrations, and of the learned work of the independent Neander,* we have ample materials for forming an opinion of the great preacher and his age. The beauty of the Paris edition cannot well be surpassed; and the publishers of it deserve the more credit for their enterprise, as the first eleven parts were destroyed by fire in 1835, and the completion of the work was necessarily deferred two years beyond 1837, the time originally contemplated. We owe not a little to the scholars of Oxford for the assistance derived from their translation of the most important of Chrysostom's homilies. The work

* *Der Heilige Johannes Chrysostomus, und die Kirche besonders des Ori-
ents, in dessen Zeitalter.* Von A. Neander, Dr. Berlin, 1821 - 22.

which the English antiquarian, Bingham, projected more than a century ago, and which Dr. Porter of Andover began a few years since, is now going on under the auspices of a party then unknown. By such a labor, Puseyism may atone for not a few of its sins.

We have said that Chrysostom lived in the palmy age of the ancient church. It was surely so, although not the purest. His ministry began in the reign of the Spaniard, Theodosius, to whom the church owed far more than to the wavering Constantine. By him the Roman empire was reunited, and, at the second general council, held in Constantinople, A. D. 381, one emperor and one creed seemed to rule the world. The church had come off triumphant in the struggle with the apostate Julian, who denied all her claims to authority, and with the fierce heretics who opposed her leading doctrines. Enjoying the patronage of the state, with creed, ritual, and government matured, in full possession of the riches of the Greek and Latin literature, little dreaming of the barbaric darkness that was impending, the church showed her greatest brilliancy just as her sun was going down. Four men were prominent above all others in that splendid age. The heroes of the great Athanasian struggle, Athanasius, Basil, and Hilary, had gone to their graves. Who was to take their place as defenders of the faith? In Italy, the spirit that was afterwards to animate a Gregory the First and a Hildebrand guided the measures of Ambrose, the Bishop of Milan, who wielded a crosier stronger than the sceptre of Theodosius. Across the Mediterranean, at Carthage, the young Augustine was teaching rhetoric to refractory pupils, whom in disgust he was soon to leave for Italy, where in Ambrose he found a teacher who led him as an humble convert to the foot of the cross. Turning to the East, we find that at Constantinople the Roman monk Jerome was pursuing his Greek studies under the direction of the venerable Gregory, and preparing himself for the solitude of Bethlehem, where he became the great scholar of his time. John of Antioch had just left his hermitage in the mountains, and entered upon the ministry in the city of his birth. These four men were the great lights of their time, shining severally as the prelate, the theologian, the scholar, and the preacher of their age. Each of them will repay a

careful study of his life and labors. Our task is now with the most attractive of them all.

John of Antioch, surnamed two centuries after his death *Chrysostom*, or "Mouth of Gold," was placed by circumstances at an early period of his life in a school most favorable to the development of his oratorical powers. He passed the first twenty-seven years of his life at Antioch, where a picture of the whole world was before him in its heterogeneous collection of men, manners, and creeds. The Roman capital of Asia, with its two hundred thousand inhabitants, was at once Greek, Roman, and Oriental, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian. It exhibited all the phases of culture and condition, the greatest luxury and the most squalid poverty, the highest refinement and the grossest brutality, the most ascetic devotion and the most complete worldliness. For centuries after the apostles established a church there, and believers were there first called Christians, the gospel had been struggling for mastery over the worship of Baal and Astarte, Apollo and Venus. Now Antioch was nominally Christian. Still the church and the theatre were rivals, whilst pleasure and ambition bore such sway that religion had little place in the hearts of the leading men, and found its best votaries among devoted women, and the fervent recluses sheltered in the monasteries and hermitages of the neighbouring mountains.

Chrysostom saw every aspect of life, manners, and belief at Antioch. It was his school, and he learned all its lessons faithfully. His mother, who was left a widow at twenty years of age, devoted herself to his education, and although an earnest Christian, and desiring nothing for her son so much as a place in the church, procured for him the most liberal means of instruction, and conscientiously left him to the choice of his own profession. His teacher of rhetoric was the famous Libanius, whom Julian admired, and Gibbon has lauded as the last glory of expiring paganism. His teacher of philosophy was Androgathias, probably a Platonist. Under these men, he was taught to see the ancient forms of religion and morals under their most favorable aspects, and thus to understand the systems which he afterwards labored so eloquently to refute. His oratorical powers were so conspicuous that he was led to prepare for the bar, and Libanius had no small expectations of his pu-

pil's renown in the courts of law, as well as in the schools of pagan philosophy. But his mother's Bible, with her devoted spirit, had more power than the sophist's enticements. The youth was evidently disgusted with the practice of the law at Antioch, as others have been in cities more decidedly Christian. He quitted this profession, and turned to the study of theology, first under the direction of the bishop Meletius, and afterwards by himself, in his mother's house. Still, his course of life was not at first very pure, not so much so even as that of some of his associates ; but he soon abandoned his youthful follies, and his devotion to the church became so marked as to draw upon him the attention of the clergy, and to lead them to press upon him the office of bishop. But he was oppressed with a sense of his own unworthiness, and panted for retirement ; and at last the death of his mother, combined with his indignation at the tyranny of the government, and the course of his religious convictions, led him to go out into the neighbouring mountains, and there to commune with God and his own soul.

This was no inappropriate education for a preacher. Six years of retirement and study, after twenty-seven years of life in a tumultuous city ! Of these six years, four were spent under capable instructors in a monastery, and two in the solitude of a cave. Whether driven by the ill health induced by his ascetic practices, or by convictions of duty drawn from the Bible, which he never allowed to be laid aside for monkish legends, he returned to the city in the year 380, and was welcomed as a messenger from God to the church. Still he preferred privacy of life, and declined the honors which were offered him. For six years more he shrunk back from the position which his powers of eloquence entitled him to hold, and was content with fulfilling devotedly the lowest offices of the Christian ministry. He did not preach until his fortieth year. There is little reason to regret that the abilities of Chrysostom were so long in ripening ; the fact explains his inexhaustible resources. He could preach every day, for weeks, without flagging in spirit or wanting material. He drew from a full fountain, unlike the many who are sorely tried by attempting to draw from cisterns that hold little or no water.

For twelve years he was the glory of the pulpit of Antioch. Here he produced his most valuable works, having

sufficient leisure for study and sufficient excitement for his oratory. No productions of Christian antiquity have so much practical value now as his expository homilies. No one among his contemporaries held a position so enviable as his during this period. He preached in the church which the apostles had founded, and from which they sent forth their missionary expeditions that had converted the world. The Holy Land was near enough to give vividness to the pictures of its hallowed scenes and characters, yet distant enough to waken the imagination, and lend the enchantment that distance gives. Christians formed the principal part of the population of the city ; yet there was enough of pagan superstition and skeptical philosophy to give topics for the preacher's varied eloquence, to inflame his own zeal, and to win the attention of his hearers. Even the excitable and pleasure-loving multitude presented no unfavorable materials for his glowing eloquence to work upon. Antioch turned from its pleasures and strifes, its banquets and theatres, to listen to this vehement denouncer of popular sins, and the fascinating advocate of piety and charity. And when, in the year 387, ruin threatened her palaces and people, when Theodosius, outraged by resistance to his assessments and by indignity offered to the statues of himself and his queen, vowed vengeance against the city, the genius of the orator appeared more brilliant than ever. Chrysostom preached incessantly during the season of panic. He worked into his discourses all the imagery that the terrified city presented. Every thing was made to preach, and to testify of the evil of sin and the terrors of the judgment. The flight of the pagan teachers and the philosophical lecturers, the brave constancy of the Christians, and the ready aid of the monks, who thronged to the city from the neighbouring mountains to warn the sinful and cheer the faithful,—all joined to swell the praises of the gospel, and to appeal to the consciences of the indifferent. And when, finally, the anger of Theodosius, after it had brought heavy inflictions upon Antioch, was appeased by a special delegation headed by the bishop Flavian, the preacher bade the people look above the will of the emperor to that august power which had won the monarch to the faith, and subdued him to a humanity that befitted its doctrines of forgiveness and love.

It had been better for the orator's peace, if he had re-

mained at Antioch, devoting himself to the pulpit, and leaving the cares of episcopal rule to heads constituted differently from his own. But the gain to his temporal welfare would have involved the loss of a martyr's crown. The see of Constantinople — next to that of Rome, the proudest office in the church — was vacant. Ambitious aspirants without number clamored for the place. One who had never aspired to the honor was called to receive it. The fame of the preacher of Antioch had reached Constantinople, and the son of Theodosius, who was now on the throne, was induced by his prime minister, Eutropius, to call Chrysostom to the episcopal chair. Refusal was impossible, and, in the year 398, the reluctant preacher was removed to his splendid charge, vainly hoping to cause the pure principles to which his life had been devoted to flourish in a city ruled by the intrigues of courtiers, priests, and women. Here every thing went wrong, except the bishop's own purpose and its necessary effect upon the true-hearted. He tried to reform the clergy, but they turned upon him with reproaches for his dictatorial spirit and his meagre style of living. They ridiculed him for eating his scanty meals alone in a palace where banquets had been so common. He found the monks as little disposed as the regular clergy to relish the austerity of his principles and conduct. They grasped at once at the honors of self-denial and the comforts of self-indulgence. South himself could not have been more earnest and pithy than Chrysostom was in his rebuke of monkish pretensions. The homily aimed at the dainty manners and assiduous gallantry of some who affected to be weary of the world will do very well as a picture of clerical or pietistic dandyism in any age. Such shafts, however, were not received as pleasantry, or submitted to as the wounds of a friend. The hypocritical monks hated the real ascetic.

The women of the city, with Eudoxia at their head, who at first had been most desirous to hear the renowned preacher, and ready to deify him, changed their tone at once, when they found that he was as pointed in his rebukes as he was eloquent in his appeals, that he could talk “of hell to ears polite,” and was fond of directing his denunciations against female vanities and sins. The empress, beautiful and vicious, enthusiastic in his praise at first, and glad to supply him with the means of establishing choirs and furnishing them with

silver crucifixes, began to persecute him with deadly hate, when she found that he was bent upon reforming the prevalent manners, and that some of his discourses were regarded as coming home to her own royal conscience. Many of the bishops turned against him. Perhaps, in his zeal, he might have exceeded the proper limits of his jurisdiction ; but others had done so before, and the evils against which he strove were of crying magnitude. A regular opposition was organized against him, headed by that cold-blooded schemer, the despotic and avaricious Theophilus of Alexandria, a Bonner in temper, and a Bossuet in energy. By an informal synod Chrysostom was doomed to exile, and, though he protested against the irregularity of the proceedings, the love of peace induced him to leave the city, and take refuge on the opposite shore.

The triumph of the empress and the Egyptian was short. Strange sounds were heard on the next night, and an earthquake shook the city. The superstitious people declared that it was the voice of God uttered in vengeance for his injured servant. Theophilus was confounded, and Eudoxia sank on her knees in terror and remorse. The exile was recalled with more than an imperial triumph. The whole city went out to meet him ; the Bosphorus was bridged with boats, and illuminated with torches. Immediately upon his arrival, the preacher was hurried by the multitude to the church of the apostles, and found no rest until he had given the crowd his blessing and counsel in a short harangue. Soon afterwards he preached a more elaborate discourse upon glorying in tribulation. In both cases he speaks in a spirit of the most fervent gratitude and confident faith.

But he had only two months' respite from persecution. An alliance between him and the court governed by Eudoxia could not continue long. His last remarkable sermon in Constantinople showed his fearless devotion, and though perhaps impolitic, it did not probably much accelerate his doom. A silver statue of the empress was set up before the senate-house, so near the church of St. Sophia, where he was officiating, that the tumultuous festivities, the songs, dances, and shouts of the multitude, interrupted the services of the worshippers in the church. The sermon of Chrysostom was very severe against such revelry, and every word of it was regarded by the empress as an attack upon herself.

Again he was driven into exile, after a nominal trial before a synod of bishops.

Neander gives an affecting account of his farewell to his people, on this occasion. When he found that the soldiers of the fickle Arcadius were upon his track, and that to remain with his people was to endanger their lives as well as his own, he consented to go away.

“ He called his bishops around him, for the last time in the church, knelt with them and prayed, saying, at the close, ‘ Farewell to the angel of this church.’ Then he went into the sacristy, embraced some of the bishops with tears, and bade them a touching adieu. He then proceeded to the chapel or baptistery, and here met the devoted women, deaconesses, who by their wealth had so often sustained him in his expensive charities and ecclesiastical enterprises, and said to them : ‘ Come, my daughters, and hear me. The end is at hand, I see clearly ; I have finished my course, and perhaps you will never see me more. My advice to you is this ; let none of you remit in the least your labor of love for the church, and whoever without self-seeking or ambition is unanimously chosen bishop after me, follow him as you have followed John, as the church cannot remain without a bishop. God, in his mercy, bless you ; remember me in your prayers.’ Without returning to take leave of the bishops, he went to the east side of the church, having caused his mule to be brought up to the west door, so as to draw the attention of the multitude thither, and took his departure. Thus he went out unobserved, and quietly surrendered himself to the guard, who conducted him to the harbour, where he embarked in a small vessel for Bithynia. This was on the 9th of June, 404.”

Still his influence did not cease, but by his letters and preaching he produced such an effect upon the churches, that he was as much honored and feared as when on the patriarchal throne. This influence seemed dangerous to the government, and the empress was resolved that he should be crushed. He was driven from place to place, under great exposure, and at last died in Pontus, in the year 407, while on a forced journey towards the remotest wilds of Colchis, the extreme limits of the Roman empire. When it appeared that he could go no farther, he begged the soldiers to carry him to a neighbouring chapel, where, calling for white robes, he put them on, and, after he had partaken of the sacrament, and offered prayer ending with his usual doxology, “ Glory

to God for all things," he breathed his last. The light of the Christian pulpit vanished from the world.

The defects in Chrysostom's character were obvious, but not of great importance. He may have been, as the historian Socrates implies, rather choleric by nature, somewhat hasty and dictatorial in temper, and too severe in his ascetic habits and his frequent demands for fasting and self-crucifixion. His monkish habits had given a little irritableness and acidity to an unquestionable evangelical zeal. But the chief sources of his troubles lay more deeply in his character. He was not fitted for a prelate's position in troublous times. He was great in his principles, but somewhat feeble in his measures. The former he derived from the Bible and his own soul ; for the latter he trusted too much to his deacon, Serapion, who was a rash and unprincipled adviser. But even if he had possessed the requisite talents for a post of command, his views of Christianity would have been much in the way of his success. Though a lover of the church and its ritual, and free from reproach as to the main principles of his creed, he preached boldly and spiritually, and the whole genius of his ministration was directly opposed to the prevalent priestcraft and formalism. Isaac Taylor has, indeed, collected numerous passages of his works to show his exaggerated views of the importance of rites and relics, and prayers to saints and martyrs. But a man like Chrysostom must be judged by his leading purpose, not by his incidental extravagances either of rhetoric or of opinion. He could not be a very benighted formalist, so long as he believed and so eloquently preached, that the strength of the church is in the purity of its members, and that loss of the love of God is the bitterest infliction in hell.

In our hasty glance at Chrysostom's life, we have not forgotten that we are writing for a work devoted to literature rather than theology, and we have therefore been very chary in the use of the rich materials furnished by the volumes before us. We must keep this thought still more in mind as we turn to speak of the orator's genius and works.

Chrysostom was evidently a man of quick perceptions, strong common sense, remarkable power of comparison, strict conscientiousness, fervent affections, exuberant fancy, and a powerful imagination. He was not a great analytic thinker, and although well informed on philosophical sub-

jects, he had little taste for abstractions. His great power lies in the number and richness of his illustrations. Every truth is covered, sometimes burdened, with imagery. Every duty is brought home to particular cases and consciences. He does not disdain the simplest comparisons that will help him in his work, and sometimes uses a redundancy of gorgeous figures, as if nature were taking her revenge on the ascetic for his contempt of her riches, and kindling in his literary taste a passion for splendor that was so sternly denied in his way of life. More frequently, however, he presents common truths in plain language, with the most obvious illustrations. He had evidently been a constant observer of nature, as well as a close student of the Bible. He was alike familiar with the beauties and the adaptations of creation, and, fond as he is of discoursing floridly of roses and lilies, the sea, mountains, and stars, he sometimes enters into minute statements of natural laws and of the wonderful anatomy of the human frame, that almost make us believe that we are reading an Oriental version of Paley, in spite of the occasional mistakes in the principles of science. The force and frequency with which he introduces passages of Scripture, or alludes to the personages of the Bible, their circumstances and characters, are enough to astound the most gifted of the old Scotch Covenanters. His quick perception of resemblances and rich fancy made him the unconscious master of a science of correspondences between things spiritual and natural, that throws the theoretic system of Swedenborg far into the shade. If he speaks of an irritable and of a peaceful spirit, he compares the one to a noisy street, and the other to a rural solitude, and gives a graphic picture of the two scenes. When he distinguishes the prayer of importunate selfishness from that of gospel meekness, the one, he says, is like a brawling scold, against whom the gate of heaven is shut ; the other is an angel form that seraphs welcome to the throne of God. To care for riches and to neglect the soul is to be like children who laugh when the thief comes in and steals the real valuables of the house, and yet cry if he touches the least of their jingling trinkets. To neglect the soul and pamper the body is to clothe the mistress in sackcloth, and array the servant-maid in gold and jewels.

The drift of his discourses was eminently practical. He was not fond either of metaphysics or of dogmatic theology.

He enforced the cardinal Christian virtues, especially charity, and denounced the cardinal sins, especially covetousness. Profane swearing he could not tolerate, and even advises his hearers to strike the blasphemer, if words were of no avail. This advice, however, was given during the panic at Antioch, and may not be a fair instance of his preaching. The superiority of the gospel over every other system, especially the Platonic, is a favorite theme with him. His views of the divine nature were very broad and exalted, and are constantly brought forward in his discourses. He also insists much upon the freedom of the human will, and says, again and again, that no man can be hurt but by himself. He was very free in his censures, and declaimed eloquently against slavery, priestcraft, and formalism. Neander's learning and love for free thought have enabled him to collect passages from Chrysostom that would not shame the least shackled of our Protestant divines.

He has frequently been compared to Jeremy Taylor, but unjustly. They are alike only in an exuberant fancy and a liberal creed. Chrysostom is not pedantic or scholastic like Taylor, whose sermons, although decked with incomparable beauties, are tedious as a whole, and to a popular assembly would be uninteresting. Chrysostom is direct, pointed, glowing, preaching less on a given subject than with reference to the particular wants of the audience before him. He has much of Latimer's boldness and simplicity, and something of his humor. Take some ingredients from Latimer and some from Taylor, and we might form a compound not unlike Chrysostom. In his extemporaneous style he is much like the former. As he seems generally to have spoken extemporaneously, even his more elaborate discourses have an air of being prompted by the occasion. He was as hearty and outright as honest Hugh, and as little disposed to be mealy-mouthed in dealing with sin in high places. He was quite as bold in facing Eudoxia as Latimer was in braving Henry the Eighth. Both were men of free spirit ; both drew their freedom from the Bible ; and what his Saxon manhood did for the one, his study of the generous literature of Greece did for the other.

The homilies and sermons of Chrysostom are rich in historical interest, showing, as they do, the form and color of his times. In reading them, we are carried back to another

age. We find no dry discussion of theological doctrines, no dull parade of formalisms, but a fresh, free, colloquial address, which brings the audience at once before us by its constant reference to them. The customs of the ancient church favored such a mode of address, and are singularly at variance with our modern notions of propriety. Preacher and people felt at liberty to express themselves just as they felt in church. The doctors at Oxford would be astounded at the difference between the ways of a congregation in that supposed golden age of church dignity, and their own dainty notions of cathedral quietude. The ancient audiences applauded freely whatever they liked in the preacher, and of course felt at liberty to show their disapprobation of what they disliked. Clapping, stamping, shouting, leaping, and the waving of light garments were no unusual signs of applause ; whilst tears, groans, and smiting the breast indicated the compunction of the hearers. When Cyril was happy in an appeal, they cried, " O orthodox Cyril ! Gift of God !" When Chrysostom was unusually eloquent, waving their garments and plumes, and laying hands upon their swords, the people shouted, " Worthy the priesthood ! Thirteenth Apostle ! Christ hath sent thee !" The preachers seem to have liked these plaudits, as showing the interested attention of the audience. In one case, a grave bishop speaks of being applauded as a matter of course, and invites his friend, with whom he is arguing, to come and hear him while receiving the honor, and be convinced of the truth of his doctrine. Chrysostom evidently had so many of these favors as to be at times weary of them, and often tells his hearers that he should much prefer their penitence to their plaudits, and that they must take good care lest they violate the principles which they receive with such acclamation.

The preachers, who in the cities were generally bishops, and less frequently presbyters, appear commonly to have spoken without notes, and to have trusted to reporters for the preservation of their discourses. This fact, and the peculiar relation in which they stood to the audience, tended to make their addresses very colloquial, and quite different from modern sermons. They spoke either from the steps of the altar, or from the *ambo*, a platform with a reading-desk in the middle of the church, and sitting or standing, as they chose. Frequently the preacher sat, and the people stood, throughout

the sermon. The church had not then learned to box its orators up, and raise them high in mid air, with a position as far from the countenance of the hearer as the sermon is apt to be from his sympathies. The speaker had no fear of being rebuked for flippancy, or of hearing rebellious imitations of his freedom on the part of the audience, so established was the distinction between clergy and laity, and so fixed were the authority and dignity of the clerical office. Often several addresses were made during the same meeting, but always by the clergy, the bishop closing and summing up what his presbyters had said. Chrysostom sometimes ends his discourse by stating, that he now leaves it to his superior to do better justice to the topic.

Of course, the ancient pulpit was in every respect different from the modern. Chrysostom was, indeed, a great reformer, yet he changed the moral character, rather than the external manner, of preaching. He avoided the frequent dogmatic invectives against heretics, and the as frequent vapid allegorical interpretations of Scripture. His preaching was practical, aimed at the life ; it was rational, avoiding both the materialistic views of Tertullian's followers and the transcendental sublimations of the school of Origen. He was eminently a common sense interpreter of the Bible, and duly appreciated the letter and the spirit too.

After all, though free from many of the errors prevalent among his contemporaries, Chrysostom shows the peculiarities of the taste of his age ; and there is not one of his thousand discourses, so far as we can judge, which would be considered as a regular sermon according to our modern standard, — not one that reminds us of Massillon or South, Edwards or Buckminster. He never adopts a logical arrangement, although his elaborate work on the priesthood shows that he was perfectly competent to write a consecutive treatise, or sustain a continued argument, whenever he chose. In his homilies, or expository discourses, he closes not so frequently with a lesson taught by the general sense of the passage he has been expounding, as with one suggested by some of the wants of his people, no matter how incongruous the suggestion might be with what had gone before. Among his sermons, — his master-pieces on the Statues for instance, so well translated by Mr. Budge, in the Oxford Library, — there is not one that is from beginning to end devoted to

the consecutive treatment of a single topic. Each has its strict unity, undoubtedly ; but the unity is in the object, not in the subject ; for he thinks less of the systematic exposition of a text or topic than of meeting with a single purpose the state of mind of his hearers. He preached these sermons whilst Antioch was in an agony of anxiety, those of her citizens who had as yet escaped the emperor's vengeance fearing the dungeon, the scourge, or the axe. The preacher shows great skill in suiting his discourse to them, and it is hypercriticism to blame him for sudden transitions, although he may so far violate ordinary rules as to break off an enraptured description of the benignity of God in creation as shown in the book of nature, and end abruptly with a strong rebuke to the people for their habit of profane swearing. At another time, while preaching on the apostle's advice to Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, he dwells first upon the apostle's kindness, and the folly of interpreting his advice as a plea for wine-bibbing, and then glances off to another topic, and closes with stating ten reasons why good men like Timothy are allowed to suffer sickness and affliction, and why the afflicted should not despair, and commit or tolerate blasphemy. Yet he always came to the point. He never ended a sermon without saying at the close what the moral state of the audience most needed.

Rhetorician as he was by education under the sophist Libanius, he was never so careful of his literary reputation as to disdain to be useful. He was willing to dwell continually upon one topic, so long as the one besetting sin continued. He ends more than half of his sermons on the Statues by denouncing the sin of profanity. We cannot say how often he preaches against theatre-going and money-loving. All his sermons were occasional, and in all of them he seems as much at liberty as in conversation to say just what circumstances required or the people needed.* Sometimes he is ludicrously familiar. He speaks to the people about coming to church after dinner, complaining of long sermons, talking and laughing in church, and in one instance calls attention to a pickpocket who was busy at his work among the congre-

* For an excellent *critique* upon Chrysostom's method of preaching, and statement of the difference between the ancient homily and the modern sermon, see the work of Dr. Philip Mayer upon Chrysostom, especially the introduction. The volume is dated Nuremburg, 1830.

gation. Yet various as was the character of his discourses, Philip Mayer says truly, that through them all there runs, like a shining thread, a practical religious spirit, and a true oratorical talent, so that it is easy to value at their true worth all the doubtful or spurious works that have come to us with his name attached to them.

Certainly, it would be folly to hold up the great orator of the ancient church as a perfect model for our age, or for our country. Boston is not an Antioch, nor is the nineteenth century much like the fourth. We live in an age of the general diffusion of knowledge and the inductive exercise of intellect. The Reformation, together with the discussions consequent upon it, has given great predominance to the critical understanding, and made systematic doctrine and polished writing more acceptable than authoritative statements or glowing appeals; yet there is much that the modern pulpit may learn from the pages of Chrysostom, and not only learn, but apply. Many a modern audience might be refreshed by listening to a racy homily formed on his principles, and would regard its free expositions of Scripture and fervent appeals to the heart as a pleasant relief from doctrinal dissertations, moral lectures, or æsthetic essays. We dislike flippancy in the pulpit, and have no relish for off-hand crudities anywhere. As little friendly are we to the too common dulness and feeling of constraint that would have afflicted the gravest of the old fathers, could they have become acquainted with the pulpit habits of our time.

We may learn, too, of Chrysostom how to be independent, and, whether as hearers or preachers, that we are bound to keep the pulpit independent. As Americans, especially as inhabitants of New England, we must regard the Christian pulpit as a conservative institution second to no other. Our homes, our schools, and our laws rest in no small degree upon its support. Its history has been and will be intimately connected with our national history. Let it keep its high place, and neither become the minion of the few nor the sport of the many; let it mildly, yet fearlessly, speak the truth as given by the Scriptures, rebuking evil in the few and the many, and throwing a mantle of charity over repentance and faith, whether in the rich and powerful, or the poor and enslaved; and, above all, let it never confound the oracles of heaven with the dictates of men, nor cry out, at the voice of a single

Herod, or of multitudes with a Herod's spirit, "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." Subserviency may profit for a season, but truthfulness conquers in the end. Better fall for a time with Chrysostom, than triumph for a time with Theophilus.

Thirty years after his death, the remains of John of Antioch were borne in triumph from the tomb in his place of exile to a splendid mausoleum in Constantinople. Two centuries ago, his bones were carried as relics to Rome, where they now rest in the chapel that bears his name within the walls of St. Peter's. To few of the hallowed spots within that majestic cathedral would one more eagerly hasten than to that chapel. Thoughts would there be inspired that might sometimes force the attention to wander from the seraphic music of the Sistine choir, and compel one to listen to voices from another age and land. The church of Rome is still in the ascendant; her power is still majestic, whilst her Oriental sister is cast down and in humiliation. The Roman patriarch Innocent, fourteen centuries ago, interceded, though in vain, for his brother of Constantinople, when the latter was driven into exile; and now Rome protects the ashes of him whom when living she vainly sought to defend. The treatment which Chrysostom received at the hands of the ruling powers in the Greek empire was a turning point in history, and in its consequences has done much to make the fate of the Eastern church differ so widely from the long continued prosperity of the church of Rome.

When his spirit shall come to be again duly honored among the nations where his name was first canonized, and the East shall return to his principles, something of the glory of the former age may come back. If, either by the awakening of the Russian clergy and nation, by the decline of the Turkish power, or by the revival of moral life among the churches of the East, Constantinople shall again become Christian, and the cross supplant the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia, next to that of our great Master and his apostles, no name would deserve to be proclaimed with greater honor on the day of triumph than that of John Chrysostom.